

**[stan_the_man
messed you]**

IT One shots - III

jeongshook

[stan_the_man messaged you] by jeongshook

Series: [IT One shots \[3\]](#)

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Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, M/M, Social Media AU, instagram model!Bill, photographer!Stan, richie is a piece of trash but nice recyclable trash

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Summary:

Stanley Urís has an undying crush on Instagram model Bill Denbrough. Which is fine, until Richie Tozier goes and messages him.

[stan_the_man messaged you]

The moment Stanley Uris spots his best friend with his phone in his hand, suspiciously only tapping once on the screen and with purpose, is the moment he knows Richie Tozier is fucking dead.

"Richie," he draws the word out as if to question his friend's entire existence. "What are you doing with my phone?"

The traitor looks up and has the audacity to smile innocently, like he doesn't know what Stanley is talking about. "Um... Nothing?"

"Nothing my ass," Stan murmurs under his breath before sizing the situation up and jumping into action. He throws himself over the back of their leather couch but Richie is already out of the living room, wheezing as he bolts towards the front door.

Stan stops and crosses his arms in front of his torso, waiting for the inevitable—

CRASH!

He watches with perverse satisfaction as his flatmate trips over the ironing board standing in the entrance to the kitchen, toppling to the floor.

"There's something in the way," he deadpans. "Watch out."

"Fucking bitch." Richie pushes himself up. Somehow, there's still an unnerving grin splitting his frog face in two. "I still messaged him though."

Stanley's eye twitches. "Who exactly, again?" He stomps over to the monster he calls his best friend and rips his phone out of his hand. "*WHAT THE FUCK!*"

DING!

stan_the_man followed you

DING!

stan_the_man mentioned you in a comment: @billyboy boi fuk me up u fiiiiiine

Bill Denbrough's eyebrows draw together in confusion, his stare almost piercing holes into the touchscreen of his phone; what kind of language...?

DING!

stan_the_man messaged you: dam boi are u a pair of ray bans bc ud look great sitting on my face ;););)

The line is so out of the blue and bizarre that Bill actually bursts out laughing. He sits up and quickly screenshots the ridiculous message to send to the groupchat with his closest friends.

Out of pure curiosity he clicks on stan_the_man's profile and is surprised to find that the guy looks fairly normal – handsome, even – and not at all creepy like he would've expected. There's also no trace of the attitude or the, um, grammar he used in his direct message to Bill. He actually just looks like a regular guy who's nice and hot and therefore way out of Bill's league.

He goes back to the direct message to type in a reply but changes his mind pretty quickly. Should he even address something as childish and weird as this message? Should he even...

DING!

He almost drops his phone in surprise.

stan_the_man: Oh God, sorry. That was my roommate, this is so embarrassing. He thinks he's funny.

No emojis, no pickup lines. But at least the guy has good grammar. That's more than what he normally sees on Instagram these days.

*

Stan tries to forget all about the most embarrassing event of his life, also known as the time Richie dm'd his Instagram crush with a godawful fuckboy one-liner. He doesn't unfollow Bill Denbrough though because why would he?

He does still spend a good majority of his free time stalking the guy's profile. What can he do when Bill is literally perfect with all his black and white photoshoots and colorful model shots in European countries and mirror selfies with his dog? What is Stan supposed to do, ignore it? Yeah well, not today - and not only because he's a photography major and the shots make his heart weep but also because Bill is ridiculously perfect.

So here's the brief story of how he found the guy: He was exhausted after a long day of work and was in search of a movie stupid enough for his mushy brain to absorb. In this state of mind, a person's brain capacity is not exactly at its full potential, and so that's his excuse for clicking on a BuzzFeed article titled *"21 Hottest Male Models We Shamelessly Follow On Instagram"*. Go figure.

All of them were hot, of course. But Bill Denbrough was... something else. All Stanley could think about was photographing him. Most of the models were these muscly, handsome machos with chiseled jawlines and messy hair - your typical, well, douchebag look. None of them were Stan's type by far so he was ready to close the article but then he saw number 21, Bill Denbrough aka @billyboy. Bill was... stunning, to say the least. For starters, he didn't have any facial hair, one point for him. He was not buff, more of a tall and lean type, another point. Not the average face that's considered universally attractive but more of a unique charm and he seemed to have a dog; more points. His bio said:

Bill Denbrough

23yr old model based in New York, loves dogs, books, nature and tv

shows. Advocate for LGBTQ+ and homeless youth. For business inquiries, please contact...

His pictures all matched with his bio, Stan realized as he scrolled through his profile. He really was a dog and nature lover, liked to read and was actively helping the LGBT and homeless youth - infinite points and there went Stanley Uris' heart.

So that was then. Now is now, and now... Stan is getting a message from him.

What!?

Stan clears his cache, force stops and restarts the Instagram app and cold boots his phone but it's still there:

billyboy: Haha, no problem man. I know a lot about annoying roommates. I like your work btw!

What. The. *Fuck*. He doesn't know if he should smack Richie or kiss him.

stan_the_man: Wow, thank you! I'm a photography & imaging major so they're mostly my assignments, but some of them are just for fun. Are you still studying?

Lame, but kind of okay. Acknowledged Bill's compliment, gave a bit of insight related to the topic, asked to show he's also interested in having a conversation. That's normal, right? He waits a couple of minutes before sending it just so he doesn't seem desperate but gets a reply almost instantly.

billyboy: Yeah, I'm studying creative writing, it's my last year though. Can't wait to be out of uni tbh.

stan_the_man: same, I'd sell my soul at this point for it to be over

Bill laughs, or at least sends a laughing emoji so Stan guesses he does. That's how he starts talking to his Instagram crush.

*

It doesn't help much with his crush, talking to Bill. If anything, it makes him like the guy even more, which in turn just makes his heart hurt when he thinks about how he doesn't have a chance. Sometimes he has a flicker of hope, like when Bill says something especially flirty or compliments his new picture. He doesn't post many selfies but the one he does Bill ends up commenting on ("*What a handsome curly man #crying*") and Stanley ends up gaining 300 followers overnight.

And his infatuation with the model just keeps growing and growing. He's certain Bill is not perfect, he can't be but what can a man do when it sure seems like he is? Stan has no chance. So he does the stupidest thing he can do and invites him out for coffee. As soon as he sends the message he throws his phone across the room, the childhood habit of biting his fingernails making a short but threatening return. *Get your act together*, Stanley thinks. *He's just a guy.*

He's Bill Denbrough, he's not just some guy! His mind helpfully supplies.

You're arguing with yourself again. Stop it.

I do whatever I w--

DING!

That has to be Bill. It has to be. Stan carefully rounds his bed and reaches for his phone, pushing the home button so he sees his lockscreen. The preview of Bill's message starts with *Sure! When are you...* and then it's cut off.

Stanley looks around to see if Richie is in hearing distance, and when he finds he's in the clear, he does a dance of celebration.

He really should give a present of gratitude to Richie now.

*

It goes well. Coffee, that is. They hit it off right away because as normal as Bill comes through in his messages, his humour actually aligns with Stan's in that dry, passive aggressive, death loving kind of way. Which is fine. Amazing.

What's not amazing however, is how perfect he actually is. Stan sees his clear skin and perfect hair and amazing body proportions and red lips every day on Instagram but it has nothing on the real thing. There's just no way any camera could ever capture the charisma the guy has.

(Stanley is going to try though. Even if Bill wouldn't have agreed to it, he would somehow bribe him into modeling for his portfolio. He did agree though, and without any extra convincing too so Stan is going to make the most of that promise.)

It turns out that Bill's favorite tv show is *Supernatural*, bless his soul, but his favorite movie is *Edward Scissorhands*, which Stan also loves. They also realize they go to the same university and actually took a course together last semester – some bullshit class where attendance wasn't mandatory – except Stan never realized it. Bill traveled a lot last year due to his modeling career and Stan literally never was there so there was little to no chance of them meeting; which is nice because he would have had an aneurysm on the spot.

When he gets home that afternoon Richie is already sitting in the armchair in their living room with crossed legs.

"I see you've had a fun day," he waves his phone at Stanley, who has to squint to see that Bill has uploaded the selfie they took together to his Instagram.

"None of your business," Stan replies and automatically turns to leave. Well, he would if Richie Tozier didn't jump on his back the

next second and really, how is he that fast?

"Tell me EVERYTHING Stan the man, don't you even think about sparing me any *juicy details!*" Richie booms in his ear before he manages to shake him off enough that only his arms remain locked around Stan's neck. "Come oooooon, I hooked you guys up!"

"What the fuck do you mean you hooked us-" *DING!* "Excuse me, I have to go." He unceremoniously bites Richie in the forearm until he has no chance to let go with a yelp.

"At least tell me later!" his best friend shouts after him but he's already halfway to his room. He plops down onto the light blue bedsheets he changed just yesterday, and the faint smell of the detergent kind of reminds him of how Bill smelled when they half-hugged while saying goodbye.

billyboy: Thank you for the coffee today! I actually have a confession to make.

billyboy: Tell me if I got the wrong message or anything but I had a very hard time not kissing you after we met. I just thought it would be fair to tell you.

Stan turns so his face mushes into the pillow and screams.

*

("When were you going to tell me this?!" Richie shouts, pushing his phone screen into Stan's face. "*HUH?*")

It's a picture Bill took on campus of them kissing - he uploaded it onto his Instagram story which in turn spiked hundreds of fans to raid Stanley's DM's – mostly with positivity – and Richie to, apparently, have a mental breakdown.

"Just die," Stan replies, pushing the oversized phone out of his face, but he is smiling. "I was going to tell you later, maybe when we're not in the library? You're making a lot of noise."

He's pretty sure he can see Richie's face turn purple with how much he's trying not to scream.

He is going to buy him a present, don't worry. But for now, he has to work on his assignment so he can go meet his boyfriend.)

Author's Note:

me?? with another one shot?? what a surprise
amirite

ok so this was for the tumblr prompt "stenbrough
social media/college au where person A is an
instagram model and person B is a fan who has a
friend that forces them to follow and comment, and
!! person A notices him!!!!" im a slut for stenbrough
so enjoy

this is unbeta'd so pls if you spot any errors feel free
to point them out, and also if you liked it share your
thoughts!! I love reading your comments!
can be also found on [my tumblr](#) hehe hmu